Eng. Poetry vol 76.

# THE

# LEVELLERS.

# THE

# *LEVELLERS*;

OR,

## Satan's Privy-Council.

---

*A PASQUINADE,*

IN THREE CANTOS.

---

" By the pricking of my Thumbs,
" Something *Wicked*—this Way comes."

---

THE AUTHOR,

*HUGH HUDIBRAS, ESQ.*

---

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1793.

[ PRICE ONE SHILLING. ]

# DEDICATION.

TO (THEIR COUNTRY's PRAISE DESERVING,)

The Worthy MEMBERS of the ASSOCIATION for preſerving *Liberty* and *Property*,

AGAINST

*Republicans* and *Levellers*,

THIS PASQUINADE IS DEDICATED,

In hope (that, like the Widow's Mite) it may, in ſome ſmall degree, tend to perpetuate that abhorrence All good Men poſſeſs, againſt ſuch Characters as therein are *faithfully Characterized*,

By the ASSOCIATION's reſpectful Admirer,

And Fellow-Thinker,

HUGH HUDIBRAS.

*Hatton-Garden,*
*January* 1, 1793.
*And the Firſt Year of Detection.*

THE

# LEVELLERS.

## *CANTO I.*

### THE ARGUMENT:

*Satan, hearing of the happineſs of B———, is reſolved, on a ſecond attempt, to provoke Celeſtial Anger, by diſturbing its tranquility—Sets out—Arrives at* Rennardos—*His welcome there—Converſation and determination to try their powers, 'ere they attempt Commotion—Introduced to* Abſteemia—*Rennardos Miſtreſs—Evening concludes the Canto.*

*THE Prince of Darkneſs*—being told,
That Paradiſe, renown'd of old,
Was far inferior to that Land,
Where - - - - - bears ſovereign command,
Swore—"*by the Styx*,"—hell's pow'r to move,
Offenſive, to Celeſtial Love,
Bound by the oath---He wing'd his flight,
Thro' all the regions of Old Night,

Nor reſted, or in Moon, or Star,
(Intent to wage infernal War,)
'Till He had made, ſuch was his ſkill,
That tainted ſummit,---S--A----s H----
*Rennardo's Bower*, he inſtant ſought,
Who hail'd him, as a Brother ought,
" *Welcome*, Congenial to my heart?
" Expected long, no more we'll part,
" My dreams thy coming did preſage,
" Oh help me---to diſturb the Age.
" Teach to complete, what I've begun,
" Then ſhall *thy will*, on Earth be done."
" *For that*, I came," (The Dæmon ſaid),
" So lead me, to thoſe Friends, whoſe aid,
" Is well directed to the Cauſe,
" Subverſive of all K---s, all L---s."
*Rennardo* paus'd---" Diſpers'd, they roam,
" For ſcarcely One can boaſt a Home."
" The *Dæmon* ſigh'd---" But ſoon each ſhall,
" And revel, in his *force-gain'd* Hall,
" However, I'll exert my pow'r,
" And ſummon them within an hour,
" At leaſt, their Spiritual Parts,
" For well we know they have not hearts,
" We'll ſearch, what crimes Their minds will bear,
" Which,---*Ravage*,---*Maſſacre*,---*Forſwear*,
" Inſtructions add---if ſuch requir'd,
" (Tho' *Who can* want--- by *Thee* inſpir'd,)

Then

" Then Each direct to 's ſev'ral ſtation,
" To fan Sedition thro' the - - - - - -."
He rais'd his arm---the thunder roll'd,
*Rennardo*, begg'd him---" To with-hold,
" And try the ſofter pow'r of gold,
" For ſuch a noiſe and ſulph'rous vapor,
" Wou'd make all St--nes, and Eg--m caper,
" And he muſt know, *that Savage Wy--tt*,
" Wou'd not leave Rogue, or Rebel quiet,---
" That many of their Friends,---too true,
" *At preſent* fled the *Sheriffs* view,
" Therefore, with leave, he'd ſend a ſervant,
" Of whoſe known beck they'd be obſervant.
" Adding, *to All - - - - in need*, a Note,
" With Caſh enclos'd t' unpawn Their Coat,
" That Coat which ſhew'd their tenets true,
" With facings B - - - and body B - - - -."
" So be it"---ſaid the Cloven Sprite,
(Satan was always held polite),
" Meanwhile to paſs the hours away,
" Since I muſt wait, Your gariſh day,
" I'll teach You tricks on cards and dice
" By which, to beggar in a trice,
" The fooliſh-furniſh'd Sons of Vice.
" Such tricks!---as You, with all Your Crooks,
" Ne'er thought of---or play'd off at - - - - -."
" *And I*---" return'd Earth's grateful wight,
" Will ſhew my noble Gueſt a ſight

" Such as *he* never ſaw before,
" A *non-deſcript*, tho' ancient - - - - -,
" *Who palid*, as the chaſteſt Star
" Is *ſhagged*, as the Ruſſian Bear,
" *Who*—tho' grey-grown in vicious courſes,
" Has vigour ſuff— for twenty h - - ſes,
" *Who* having danc'd and ſung her day,
" And ſeem'd to throw her youth away,
" Near loſt by fooliſh whim *her* prey,
" But *Jointures---Bonds*---and *Gifts*---and *Gold*,
" Whatever came was ſure to hold,
" Her ſhall you ſee, that Leman-mine,
" Dear Mate of—*B——'s Cataline*---".
" Lead then, to Jollity and Jeſts,
" I'll learn how Mortals treat their Gueſts,
" Yet,—As my Friendſhip you'd retain,
" Let me not waſte *my Hours*, in vain,
" Be! every Soul of Anarchy,
" Soon as the Morning gilds the Sky,
" Roof'd in thy Hall"---" They ſhall"---" Away,"
" So proſp'rous ſeems Confuſions ſway,---
" Ev'n *Hell* ſhall have a Holiday---

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

*IN*

# THE LEVELLERS.

## *CANTO II.*

### THE ARGUMENT:

Rennardo and Satan, *ſit to receive their Friends—The firſt that arrives is*—Volunterus Mitredos—*His reception and pretenſions told—Then*, A Man of War—*The next* A Politician—*An* Editor—An Apoſtate—*The* Man of Words, *or*, *Great* Allſides—*and* Pleaderus—*The* Herald's *Advice concludes this Canto.*

*IN its due time*—the Morning came,
Uproſe the *Gueſt*---the *Hoſt*---and *Dame*,
*Worthys* of *equal rank* and *fame*---
A meſſenger proclaim'd th' approach
Of Horſe and Foot, and Cart, and Coach---
" Announce their names" (old Satan cry'd)
" And be their merits ſingly tried,

" To ſave *Us* trouble---And that *all*
" May know, *why*, *We* have made this call,
" *Make Them*, before they enter, read,
" *This Scrowl*, which *We* pronounce, *our Creed.*"

## " THE CREED.

" *Kings*, *Lords*, and Commons *We* abhor,
" And 'gainſt all moral tyes---Wage War---
" *Religion uſeleſs is*---*Equality*,
" *Of Vice We'll ſeek*---and *thus*---be *free.*"

The Meſſenger, was ſcarce withdrawn,
When lo !---A *Rev'rend Rogue in Lawn*,
Burſt in, and thus attention won,---
" An E - - - - - h Prieſt, in days of yore,
" Tranſlated to a neighb'ring - - - - -
" *All* that I cou'd, from youth I've done,
" To prove myſelf---Rebellion's Son,
" The Church I value not a Straw,
" *My Will*, has ever been *my Law*;
" When Drums beat loud—and Tumults roſe.
" I doff'd my *Sacerdotal Cloaths*,
" *Daſh'd* down *my Crozier*, ſeiz'd the *Spear*,
" And with my railings fill'd the air;
" I've perſever'd from earlieſt age,
" 'Gainſt *Order*, in its ev'ry ſtage;

" *Thus*

" *Thus qualified*—I've haſted *Here*,
" *Your p-rleſs Mit--d Volunteer.*"
He ceas'd—*The Two* 'roſe up t' embrace,
And near *Rennardo*—gave him place.

" *A Man of War*"—The Herald ſaid,
Strait in *he* ruſh'd—with broken head,
*Got*—as *He* from the *Bailiffs* fled.
" What—Ho! my Hearties, *ſhall we do it?*
" What, ſhall we make the noodles rue it?
" Shall * * * go Out and—And * * * come in,
" A placeman I, with Caſh to ſin,
" Damme I'm yours—By this long Noſe,
" This fierce cock'd Hat—and tight drawn Hoſe—
" Old Belzebub—I'm ever thine,
" Give me but *Women*, *Dice* and *Wine*."

A nod of Approbation did;
And *He*, behind Mitredos ſlid.
" A *Politician's* next, dread Sir,
" And ſeems to make a woundy ſtir,"
(*The Herald* ſaid)—" *Let him approach.*"
So ſaid—ſo done———
" I'll not encroach!
" And take up time ſo precious *now*,
" But barely make my duteous vow—
" *Time*—Its impoſſible to rate
" Such various ſubjects on debate,

" And

" And *I*, conſpicuous in each Storm—
" On *Priſons—Taxes—Poor—Reform*,
" Truſt *me* will ſtir the bleſſed pother,
" And act as *Brother*, ſhou'd by *Brother*,
*Seſſions my firſt*—Yet as *we've caſt*,
" I'll ſtrive my beſt to make't the *laſt*,
" But I muſt hence *wild* Bills to draw,
" Which reaſon cannot paſs as Law,
" They'll be objected to, no doubt,
" At which I'll make accuſtom'd rout,
" Rave for my Country ſeem its Friend,
" To ſerve our Equalizing end,
" Farewell?—depend—tho' Young—I'm ——
" In Wiſdom's *ſelf-providing way*."

*He paſs'd—The Herald*—nam'd aloud,
*An Editor*—Who ent'ring—bow'd—
Then, *Thus*——

" True to Confuſions Cauſe,
" Sworn Foe, to Morals, ſpurning Laws,
" I've *fall'n* Your ſacrifice, but truſt,
" You'll raiſe *Your Vot'riſt* from the duſt
" Oh!—If you mean to dip in Ink—
" *Wealths—Worths*—and *Virtues, cauſe to ſink*—
" *Let me* be Utt'rer of the Filth,
" I'll force from pureſt ſoil *ſuch Tilth*,
" As ſhall ſurprize Your wond'ring eyes,
" *Another Argus*—ſhall ariſe,

" To

" To blaſt the Innocent—The Great confound,
" And ev'ry gen'rous feeling wound."
" *Such Services* deſerve *no leſs*,
" Whene'er *We* print *We'll uſe thy Preſs*."

" *A Wretch without a Coat* is *here*,"
(The *Herald* utter'd with a Sneer,)
With forc'd Aſſurance in his Gait,
And ſeeming half-ſham'd, fallen State,
The *Traitor* ſtepp'd—Then low-voic'd, ſaid—
" *I'm Noble born*—And *Soldier* bred—
" But from my *Standard* baſely fled,
" For which I hope reward from you,
" I own 'twas *Simple*—Having Grace,
" Not only to have kept my Place
" But ſhould have riſen to Command,
" Then Treach'ry would have wrapt the Land;
" But now 'tis paſt—Enrol me Here,
" None Elſe will truſt—*You've* nought to fear."
" Dear to Our Loves"—(Th' Old Angel ſaid)
" Look Up—Nor longer be diſmay'd;
" Worthy to be Chief Engineer,
" *For Soldiers ſeldom reach Our Ear*,
" No!—There's not one, now pent in Hell,
" Who for Our Cauſe, ſo greatly fell,
" What?—give up *Honor*—*Rank*—and *Birth*,
" The *All*—which Man eſteems on Earth,
" To Claſs with *Us*—Oh Nobly done!
" And Nobly I'll reward my Son.

" Promote Thee—As *ſuch Merit* ſhould—
" *Command our Corps—Ingratitude.*"

He bluſh'd—Retir'd—The Crier now,
THE MAN OF WORDS—proclaim'd in view—
" *My Lud*—And Gemmen of *this Jury*,
" I come for *Freemen—Freedom's fury*,
" I'm yours confeſt—Bold S—land's Son,
" *All* trades have try'd—at laſt have *won*:
" The * * * * did not ſuit my mind,
" To Sword and Muſket diſinclin'd:
" The N * * * was a poor regard,
" *There Merit only*—meets reward,
" Laſtly the * * * I try'd—and now---
" (As naſtieſt food---makes fat, the Sow,)
" *My Gab, my Go, my Silver Tongue*,
" Has *Traitors* ſav'd---And *Guiltleſs, hung*—
" *Black* I've made *White—White* turn'd to *Black*,
" In truth, *my Conſcience* is a Hack,
" *No Vice*, but *I* can *Virtue prove*,
" Say, If I'm worthy of your Love?
" If *God* ſhou'd offer *Me* a *Brief*,
" And if a *larger Fee*---a *Thief*---
" Ev'n *God might plead*, or loſe his Cauſe,
" With *Me*---*The Fee ſupports the Laws*---
" Rais'd *thus* by Chance, I aim'd to ſhew,
" What *I*, in higher Life cou'd do,

" But

" But *There*---*Our Friend's*, (Rennardo's) Tool,
" Alas!---I prov'd myſelf a Fool!
" That *There* I fail'd, was not my fault,
" I hop'd the C - - - - - s wou'd be caught,
" Like *Thoſe*---*where* I was *wont* to bawl,
" To *You*—I need not name the - - - -,
" If more there needs, to ſhew my zeal
" As fav'rer of a Common - - - -,
" *My laſt Eſſay*---muſt *All* convince,
" Tho' --- --- --- --- to The ------."
" Next to Our lov'd *Rennardo* ſtand,"
" Satan exclaim'd—and ſeiz'd his hand.

*Another Man of Words* drew near,
Who whiſpering in the Old Fiends Ear,
Was lowly heard—t' articulate—
" *I've*—'*Nuities*—and *Stocks*—and *Plate*—
" To part with *them*—ſhou'd ſadly hate---
" *Rennardos* Elſe in every joint,
" In *all*, except this *Money* point---
" *Now* do but ſhew---how, *I* can ſerve,
" And yet my precious Land preſerve,
" Which by *Half Guineas*, I have gain'd,
" And *Intereſt*; *a little ſtrain'd*---
" Let but my wealth continue mine,
" With *You*---I ever will opine."
" *It ſhall*, Our worthy good compeer,"
" (*Rennardo* cry'd)—" You know 'tis clear,

" From

" From *others ſacks*—*We* mean to ſteal,
" A Place We have will ſuit Your *zeal*,
" Be *Treas'rer* of Our Common *Weal*."

*And now*—The *Herald*—notice gave—
Their Lordſhips ought, ſome reſpite have,
To eat a bit---and dreſs---and ſhave,
For ſuch a Cavalcade drew nigh,
As would their paſſions gratify.
*Ladies*---and *Lords*---and *Squires*---and *Dukes*---
(At leaſt they ſeem'd ſo by their looks)
Excepting---*One* ſad, ragged Wretch---
Who'd neither *Hat*---nor *Coat*---nor *Breech*---
*Such numbers*!!---That th' whole day 'd not do!
Tho' each ſpake but a word or two---
Therefore, They'd beſt take his advice,
And have refreſhment, in a trice,
*Then go*---to buſineſs again,---
Such good advice---was not in vain---
They 'roſe---withdrew---to breakfaſt went,
*Precedence ſans*---*Sans Compliment*

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

THE

# THE LEVELLERS.

## *CANTO III.*

### THE ARGUMENT:

*Noon—Council continued—Arrival of* Volunterus Maximus—*His Merits and Reception—Of* Catolicus—*Of the Shade of* Vigginus Primus—*Of* Dramaticus—*Of the* Nobiliſſimi Ruinati—*Of* Nequiſſimus, *whoſe Explanation produces a Storm, raiſed by Heaven in defence of injured* B—— —*Satan ſinks to Hell again, leaving his proſelytes in the lurch—They ſeparately diſperſe—And* Order *proclaim the Death of* REBELLION.

*AND now*, refreſh'd, and nicely quipp'd,
Again, into the Hall, They tripp'd---
The Devil had on, the *very Suit*,
In which *Rennardo* look'd ſo 'cute---
The day he made his famous M - - - - -
*T' acknowledge Authors of Commotion*,

And nicely hid his Cloven Foot,
Juſt as *Rennardo* us'd to do't,
*Seated once more*---*Largeſs* was cry'd---
In ſtalk'd, with ſtiff mock-martial pride,
A ſelf-conceited Veteran—
Who ſcoul'd around—Then thus began---
" *My State*---(not leſſening)---I report
" The happy meeting of this Court,
" I've long deſir'd---Done, *All* I cou'd,
" Done ev'ry thing---But what was good---
" T'effect Reform---Alas! in vain---
" We cou'd not virtually complain;
" Loudly I rail'd 'gainſt Abſentees,
" And Penſioners of all Degrees---
" *Then*, *Arms* I ſeiz'd---a ſole pretence,
" And *Tailors* taught, to Fire and Fence;
" Made *Haberdaſhers*, Muſkets uſe,
" And furniſh'd *Col'nels*, from the Stews,
" *Made myſelf General*—Then ſwagger'd—
" A foaming Pſeudo-Patriot Braggard,
" It wou'd not do—I muſt be candid,
" The uſeleſs Lumber was diſ——.
" But Hope aſſures this brilliant day,
" May, *ſomehow*, work a laſting fray,
" If ſo---Behold---To help the fuſs---
" Great *Volunterus Maximus*---
" If"—ſaid the D - - l—" *We* cou'd aſpire,
" *Such Talents*--and ſuch *Worth* to *Hire*,

" Tho'

" Tho' *fooliſh V—r---ys*, did *o'erlook*,
" Which You (expecting) cou'd not brook,
" Yet *We*---if not below Your care,
" Wou'd name You---*Secretar' at War*"---
A courtly bow, th' acceptance ſhew'd,
He join'd the gath'ring choſen Croud.
" *Largeſs*"---again, was echo'd round,
" *Largeſs*"---" *Largeſs*"---the walls reſound---
" Th' annunciation caus'd belief,
The coming perſonage ſome Chief,
And ſo it prov'd, (by lines foretold
Of *him*---whoſe lines are ſterling gold)
" A *K - - - e ennobled—S-t*—and *C - - - - d*"
Baſe repreſentation of - - - - - - - - - - -
" Sir, (tho' not firſt)—Thus ſpake the ———
" I truſt You'll mitigate rebuke,
" I've ever try'd to win Your favor,
" Witneſs my uniform behavior!
" For *You* I fled my Father's C - - - -!
" And left connections in the lurch,
" Mix'd with the dregs, and ſcum of earth,
" To ſhew the vanity of Birth,
" That *Title—Pedigree*—and *Creſt*,
" And *Trophied Halls—are but a Jeſt!*
" *A Farce*—not worth the wiſe Man's care,
" Who knows, *the Goods* of life to ſhare,
" With *W——s—Buffoons*—and *Paraſites*,
" Devote to Priapæan Rites—

" In

" In ſhort, I ſtrive to make it clear,
" That Nature forming me a ——
" Became Confuſions, and Debauch'ries Friend,
" And *thus* acknowledged, *Orders* end,
" Yours *thus*—*unalterably* Yours—
" A *Smile*—my future aid ſecures!
" Example from ſo great a name,"—
" (*Rennardo* ſaid) " will raiſe *Our* fame,
" Will ſhew, The yet outſtanding few,
" How little to deſcent is due,
" In token, how, We 'ſteem Your - - -
" Deign to accept this proffer'd place!
" The *Rights of Man*—approves Your call
" *Equality's High Mariſchal.*"
Pleas'd with the gift, a glove he tore,
*Knighthoods proud Vaunt*, in days of Yore.—
His *long-borne Banner*, then defac'd,
And *Anarchy's black Standard*, rais'd—
*A Noble Shade*—Now paſs'd in view,
*Which* halted—*Sigh'd*—And quick withdrew,
Juſt as *its* Form was loſt in Air,
*Theſe Murmurs* ſeem'd to breathe deſpair!
" *Why! Why Rennardo!*—Wou'd you force
" My gen'rous Spirit from its Courſe,
" *I* worſhip *God*, and love my *King*,
" I will not be, that *Raſcal thing*,
" Thy Politics compel—Forbear!
" Or by Heav'n's ſacred truth I ſwear,

" I'll

" I'll be, what Nature meant I ſhou'd,
" *Protector only, of the Good*—
" 'Tis paſt—*We* can no more agree—
" Who parts from Virtue—Parts from Me!"—
Th' Aſſembly on each other gaze,
*Rennardo* ſtood in fix'd amaze,
Downcaſt his eye—*Now firſt* ('tis ſaid)
A bluſh his Sable Cheek o'erſpread,
Confus'd---He cou'd not raiſe his head!
Th' Arch-Fiend *obſerv'd*---'Twas *Conſcience-ſtruck*,
Which to divert---He gently took
His Hand---Then ſlyly, ſmoothly ſpake,
" *Why* ſhou'd that *Silly Shadow*, make
" This change my Friend,—Wherefore, this Gloom?
" *Such Checks*---We muſt expect to come---
" *And* (*'ere complete*, our Grand Attempt),
" Unnumber'd phantoms of Contempt,
" Virtue's cold Vot'riſts) *will ariſe*,
" Obtruſive on our Ears, our Eyes—
" *Thou!*—Heed them not!—Tho' they appear!
" They are but unembodied Air,
" Know!—*Subſtance* cou'd *not* enter here,
" *Inimical* to our Career,
" *The noxious Vapours round Us ſpread*,
" *Wou'd ſtrike Corporeal Virtue dead.*"
*Rennardo*—(willingly beguil'd)
Shook Friendſhip off—and Blacker ſmil'd—

*Subſtance*—again arriv'd—A Form,
(That ſeem'd the leavings of a Storm,)
With deep-ſunk eye, and rubied face,
(A Badge, to Temperance, diſgrace,)
Drew near, and to the Sable Chief,
Thus gave his phrenzied mind relief,
" *Before this Court*--I humbly bend—
" *Diſorder's* ſtauncheſt, loudeſt Friend—
" *Rennardo, Thou!* Thou know'ſt full well,
" My wily Match, is not in Hell;
" Ignobly born—I've dar'd to ſoar,
" Where Knaves like me ne'er fail'd before—
" No Heighth—I've not aſpir'd to climb,
" By aid of Proſe, or aid of Rhime,
" My Eloquential Powers fram'd,
" 'Gainſt whatſoe'er is Virtue nam'd—
" Myſelf Confuſion's eldeſt born,
" True to my Sire have ever worn
" Theſe maxims graven on my mind—
" With *nought* thine own, *be Aye* inclin'd,
" To raiſe Rebellion's bluſt'ring Wind.
" And think! *Another's* loſs may give,
" Thy ſhatter'd Frame wherewith to live,
" Beyond the reach of Juſtice pow'r,
" Who blaſts as *yet*---Thine ev'ry hour,
" Be *Grave*---be *Gay*---all *Sins* partake,
" *Be* -------*St---ſm-n---pl---r---Rake*"

" That

" That *hitherto*, I ſo have ſtriv'n,
" Behold! Who comes---*The fall'n, from Heav'n!*
" Behold!---And own---conjunct with *Thine*,
" *My Acts---illuſtrious Cataline*"

*The Portals* op'ning wide, diſplay'd---
*Two noble Forms*---in black array'd---
Conviction, ſat in either eye,
And either boſom, heav'd a ſigh,
Each wou'd have ſpake, when Satan, *thus*---
Ladies--*precedence*, claim with *Us*,"
A word ſuffic'd, ſhe curtſied low,
His ——— retiring, made his bow—
" *High born*—and bred, with all the care,
" That fondneſs cou'd invent—to rear
" A mind might ſuit, this once fair frame,
" No art was left untried—The flame
" Of Conqueſt ſtruggling, I repreſt,
" But all in vain! It fir'd my breaſt!
" This my wiſe Sire perceiv'd—and dread,
" Leſt Shame ſhou'd wrap his ancient head,
" *He* choſe a mate and bade me wed—
" *Rank—Splendor—Wealth*—I now enjoy'd,
" Of *Splendor—Rank*—and *Wealth*, was cloy'd
" Inſenſible of honor grew,
" And diſſipation only knew,
" Which to ſupport, *I play'd*, was croſs'd,
"" And Pin-money—and Jewels loſt,

" *Nor*

" *Nor Them alone—Rennardo* ſaw
" My Spirit ſpurn'd, at Wedded Law,
" He introduc'd a blooming - - - - - -
" And *Modeſty* has fled me ſince,
" *Their Cauſe* was *mine*—as ſuch receive---
" And view in me *another eve*."

*She ceas'd*---Her mate approach'd---And ſaid,
" *Confuſion's Cauſe*---has turn'd my head,
" Of - - - - - - Thouſand Pounds a Year,
" I have not *now* a Guinea clear,
" My Wife, the faireſt of the fair,
" Is loſt to ev'ry ſocial care,
" Trammell'd by You, has *paſt the goal*,
" *You've had Her Body---take* Her Soul!"
" *Too ſpiritleſs*!---And *mean*, to ſin!
" Hence"---(Satan ſaid) rejoin your Kin,
" Who in days paſt my pow'r defied,
" And J-mes expell'd---and *me* belied."
Backward He trod, his dreary way,
To *Widow'rd---Ruin'd---Chearleſs day*.

*NOW*---Curſings---*Ravings*, *Noiſe* and *Gabble*---
Exceeding all We've heard of Babel,
Reach'd the *High Bench---Now*, *louder* grew,
In ruſh'd the Croud---And firſt, to view,
Head of the Democratic Mob,
And panting for a Sanguine Job,

The

The *Wretch, Nequiſſimus,* was ſeen,
A Book-uplifting---*(Rights of Men)*
" Primæval Rights---*I claim*"---(He cry'd)
" Each paſſion ſhall be gratified---
" *What Claim* has any to with-hold,
" *From me*---His Lands, or hoarded Gold?
" *What Claim* has any to refuſe,
" *That I,* His Wife, or Daughter uſe?
" *What Claim* has any to a Home
" Where I, and mine, mayn't freely come,
" *What Claim* has any King or Judge
" To hang a murderer---thief make budge?
" *None,* I proclaim.---*This Pamphlet* read---
" You there will find it is decreed,
" The *World* from fett'ring Law is free,
" And man controuls his deſtiny---
" Earth thus diſburthen'd of its load.
" We'll ſtorm the ſkies, and unthrone G--"
Inſtant—A Total Darkneſs grew,
*Hail, Thunders, Lightning*—Scar'd the Crew,
*Satan before,* had felt it's Force,
Arreſt his curs'd Blaſphemous Courſe,
So ſunk to Hell from *King* and *Church,*
And left his Pros'lytes in the lurch,
Fall'n on their Faces, fearing day—
They knew not, *Wrath* was paſs'd away,
Until they heard—*A Loyal Choir,*
With *Voice*—and *Harp,* and Stringed Lyre,

The Praiſe of *Albion* celebrate,
(Whoſe THREE, like HEAV'NS, *compoſe the State!*)
By *That*, they found, *Her Genius 'roſe*,
Triumphant, o'er *Malignant Foes:*
*Aſham'd---Afraid*—They *ſep'rate* fled—
And *Order* ſang—" *Rebellion dead!*

## *FINIS.*